

Wisdom of the Wind

Well,
It's cold outside as the
Unmerciful winter breeze
Entombs the atmosphere.
The few brave souls (daring to enter into
A frozen hell) are forced to make haste,
Or,
Be frozen in their tracks by the
Stinging, biting, cold.

The East Wind groans and moans as if
The dead have arisen and are singing
Their final sorrowful warning to those whose spirits and bodies
Are still in confident romance.
Crying,
Howling,
“Look forward to the past,
And beware of what lies ahead in the future.”

The knoll of the ultimatum resonates in the marrow of men--

The man adorned in silk, who praises himself,
The man whose life is slowly,
 Slowly,
 Slowly,
Draining from his gangrenous limbs—
From his veins into his home-gutter.

And as their blood runs cold,
Blue-cold and shallow,
The West Wind begins to whisper,
“No mercy,
No Mercy,
All who die turn to dust
(Not the rich man to gold and the poor to ashes).
Fear the life that understands not death.
Beware of Knowledge,
But delight in Wisdom.”

And as it begins to snow,
A pure, white blanket of hope,
There is a moment when men's hearts become warm.